This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

E
90
P6
P6

Pocahontas. vindicated

THE

ALPHEUS FELCH HISTORICAL LIBRARY

BEQUEATHED

TO THE

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BY THE

HON. ALPHEUS FELCH.

1896.

E
90
.P6
P6

THE MEMORY

OF

POCAHONTAS

VINDICATED AGAINST THE ERRONEOUS JUDGMENT OF THE

HON. WADDY THOMPSON,

LATE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY AND MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY TO MEXICO.

BY A KENTUCKIAN.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED BY J. AND G. S. GIDEON.
1847.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The following letter, addressed to the Honorable WADDY THOMPSON, was published in the Washington *Union* in the month of September last, and is now printed in pamphlet form as it there appeared, a few alterations only having been made, none of them very material, or affecting the sense in any manner.

In venturing these remarks upon the "Recollections of Mexico," I have not been in any manner influenced by a desire to play the critic, for to critical acumen I make no pretensions. I read the Recollections, part of them with pleasure and with profit, and part of them with regret, I must confess; the latter portions being those that I have commented on in the letter. It was not through the excessive and elaborate laudation of Cortez and Santa Anna, as it seemed to me to be, that determined me to dip pen in that mischief-making fluid called ink. I thought that General Thompson had misconceived entirely the characters of these two *notorious* personages, as I call them; celebrated, as he would. But that I cared not much for. The first he called a hero, his "favorite hero;" the second a "patriot," though, by his own admission, a peculating and cock-fighting one. But the author of the "Recollections" was not alone in his admiration of Cortez; for others, who have devoted more time, perhaps, to the study of his character, and to the actions that have secured him immortality, or "damned him to everlasting fame"—an issue yet to be tried—than he had, had come to the same conclusion nearly respecting him; leaving out his being a "sincere and devout Christian," however, which I do not think any other author except the Spanish writers have called him; and of true religion and christianity, I consider them to be, as Mrs. Peachum said about another matter, "bitter bad judges." Of this any body that will read their histories of the conquest of Mexico will be convinced—excepting, always, the virtuous and excellent Las Casas. I leave Cortez, therefore, to General Thompson, and to other able and eloquent writers who have offered themselves to the world as the heralds of his actions and the guardians of his fame. For myself, were I called upon to sum up his merit and demerit in twenty-five

words, neither more nor less, I should not attempt any thing original, but would borrow four lines from Southey, which he wrote for Napoleon, but which fit the conqueror of Mexico rather better. Here they are:

> ——————"Bold man and bad,
> Remorseless, godless, full of fraud and lies,
> And black with murders and with perjuries,
> Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad."

Of Santa Anna I have not much more to say than I have said in my letter. He is now at the head of the Government of Mexico, as General Thompson wished him to be. I say at the *head*, because it is well known that he is viceroy over Almonte, the nominal chief, or whoever the nominal chief may be. His being there does not affect my opinion of him any way. Bad as he is, he may be no worse than some of his predecessors have been, or than some of his successors will be. But I shall not forget readily that the blood of four hundred of my fellow countrymen, by him wantonly, ruthlessly, and remorselessly slaughtered, has yet to be avenged; and I have an abiding belief and conviction that in Heaven's own good time it will be.

> Raro antecedentem scelestum,
> Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.*

His chief excuse, or his defence rather, for the murder of Fanning's detachment was, that a law of the Mexican Congress made it his duty to put them to death. Now, when before or since did he ever obey a law, unless it suited him to do so? For him, whose whole career has been one of violence and blood, and a violation of all laws, to cant about obeying laws, is rather too bad. Why did he not imitate the officers and soldiers of France, who, when commanded by the National Convention to give no quarter to the invaders of their country, refused to obey, saying that they were soldiers and not assassins? Had there been any thing noble and generous in his nature he would have done so; but there was nothing of that in him, and he was happy, doubtless, to have it in his power to shed blood, when he could do it without any danger to himself.

Dismissing this *par nobile fratrum*, Cortez and Santa Anna, I have next to say, that my chief inducement to notice certain passages in the "Recollections" was, the injustice, as it seems to me to be, that the writer, through inadvertence, as I must believe, has done to the character and memory of POCAHONTAS, in the passage in which, in the en-

*Vengeance, though slow and lame of foot, suffers not the villain to escape.

thusiasm of his admiration for MARINA, the *chere amie* and interpreter of Cortez, he institutes a comparison between them very much to the advantage of the latter, saying that Pocahontas is *thrown into the shade* by her. From this judgment I appeal, first, to the "sober second-thoughts" of the author himself; next, to the people of Virginia; then to our countrymen and countrywomen generally; and, finally, to the admirers of virtue, humanity, and nobleness of soul, wherever they are to be found; for all such must admire the daughter of Powhatan. Had General Thompson pronounced her to be "a miracle of a woman," instead of Marina, he would then have been right, and have been nothing more than just. His "miracle" had, I willingly admit, no little merit of a certain kind. She was talented, sagacious, dexterous, and courageous, and it appears that she was not without good qualities; but in the company in which she found herself, there was certainly not much room either for the display or for the development of them. But I am not aware that she possessed a single attribute worth possessing, or a single good quality, that Pocahontas did not possess in an equal degree at least, and the latter possessed what the other did not; that which, according to Shakspeare, in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls—a "good name."

In all history and in all romance it would be difficult to find a more perfect character than Pocahontas; and taking her as she has come down to us, it appears to me to be impossible to say wherein it could have been improved. And she was doubtless what she has been represented to be. This I conceive to be one of the most incontestable facts in history. The proof is, the account given of it by Captain Smith, a man incapable of falsehood or of exaggeration, who wrote what he himself had witnessed and experienced, and whose account had the sanction and belief of contemporary thousands, hundreds of them being eye-witnesses of what he narrated and described. And to this may be added tradition, which may be always assumed to be unerring when it runs parallel with unimpeached and unimpeachable history.

I imagine myself, rather vainly, perhaps, a tolerably competent judge of the relative merits of these two remarkable women. I think so, because I have read, in the course of my life, the best Spanish histories of the conquest of Mexico in the original language. I have read also much about Pocahontas, and it is impossible to become acquainted with her story without loving and admiring a being so good, so gentle, so humane, and so heroic; who, when but a child of the age of twelve or thirteen, gave proofs of goodness and of greatness of soul not often

evinced by either sex at mature years. She saved the life of Captain Smith, freely and fearlessly putting her own in jeopardy to do it. She saved the English colonists from destruction, relieved their wants, and was always the willing and triumphant mediatrix between them and her father, who, though suspicious, and fierce, and crafty, and violent, was yet a noble-minded savage. And when transplated from her native forests to the English court, where she was recognised as a princess, and treated with the respect due to one, the admirable propriety with which she sustained her new character is not the least striking part of her history, and it proves abundantly that she must have been a woman of great natural talent, as well as of great and noble qualities. And this glorious creature died at the age of twenty-two! She left one child, a son, by her husband, Mr. Rolfe; and through that son her blood, which I should value more than "all the blood of all the Howards," yet flows in the veins of many persons of high standing in Virginia.

The extracts from various authors, which form an appendix to my letter to General Thompson, and to which additions might easily be made, are not brought forward for the purpose of proving what Pocahontas was, or what she did. All that is now uncontested and unquestioned matter of history. My object has been to place before the public some portion of what grave, and learned, and able, and eloquent historians, who have treated of the early settlement of Virginia, have said respecting her. She was a favorite with all, and all have taken pleasure in paying a tribute to her great and excellent qualities; and not one of them, can I be persuaded, would have thought for a moment of admitting that she was "thrown into the shade" by General Thompson's "miracle of a woman," Marina.

Being by birth a Virginian, with strong attachments for my native State, as well as the one from which I hail, and the memory of Pocahontas being dear to every son and daughter of the "Old Dominion," I trust that, in vindicating her memory, I am doing nothing culpable, presumptuous, or officious; and I presume to think, that the author of the "Recollections" ought, in the next edition of his work, to show clearly how the Mexican heroine was superior to "our own," if he can; and if he cannot, then he ought frankly to admit that it was through misconception or inadvertence that he yielded the palm of superiority to the former; and he possesses, I have no doubt, magnanimity enough to do this.

P.

Washington City, December, 1846.

LETTER

To the Hon. WADDY THOMPSON,
Late Envoy Extraordinary and
Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico.

SIR: I have read recently your "Recollections of Mexico," and whilst I say (and I say it with pleasure) that I found much in your book that is both amusing and instructive, candor obliges me say, also, that there are some things I regret—things which have not my concurrence, which I do not approve, and of which I am obliged to think you have taken decidedly erroneous views. Judging from what I know of your character, I am persuaded that you will not be displeased should I make a few remarks upon some passages in the "Recollections" in a spirit of frank and liberal criticism; not for the sake of finding fault, but for the purpose of neutralizing, in some degree, the effect that your opinions and assumptions (such as I think wrong) are likely to have upon your numerous readers. Consulting at once both brevity and perspicuity, I will bring together some quotations from your work relative to the few topics on which I propose making, *currente calamo*, a few observations.

Of Fernando Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, you say that he was "a miracle of a man"—"slaughter of the Cholulans a stain on his character," however—"glorious and wonderful character of Cortez."—Chap. IV.

Bernal Diaz, "a veracious old chronicler"—"the most enchanting book I ever read (Diaz) in any language, in which the beauties of Ossian and Froissart are combined"—"most reliable authority upon the conquest of Mexico. Mr. Prescott has fallen into some errors as to the old chronicler, and, I think, underrates his work."

"I know of no hero, ancient or modern, for whom I have more admiration than for Cortez"—"vindicate my favorite hero, Cortez, against the imputation of unnecessary cruelty."

Of the murder, or slaughter, or slaying, or killing, whichever it was, of Guatemosin, the Mexican emperor, you say: "Cortez had satisfactory evidence that, on the march, Guatemosin had formed a plan that was ripe for execution, for the Mexicans to rise and massacre the Spaniards. It is absurd to impute to Cortez any other motives for the fact." "Cortez was at all points a hero himself, and could have no other feeling on this occasion than that of sympathy and admiration for Guatemosin, the greatest of Indian heroes—a being of romance, rather than of history."—Appendix.

"Cortez was a Christian, a most sincere and devout one, and in this particular he stands at an immeasurable height above all other conquerors, Napoleon," &c., &c.—that "miracle of a woman, Doña Marina, the Indian interpreter of Cortez, whose great qualities throw into the shade our own Pocahontas."—Chap. IV and Appendix.

Of President Santa Anna you say, "his great vice is avarice." "If I may believe half of what I heard, he is not free from peculation and bribery." "I should be glad to see him at the head of the government." "Santa Anna has a finely formed head and face; there is scarcely a feature or a point in either that Spurzheim or Lavater would desire to change"—"indicative of talent, firmness, and benevolence." "So said a distinguished American statesman."—Chap. VII.

"I believe Santa Anna is a patriot." "He (Santa Anna) said that General Jackson expressed himself satisfied with his explanations of the massacre at the Alamo, and of Fanning's command." "The massacre of Fanning's men was not without illustrious examples"—an "unmitigated murder," however.

These are the passages upon which I propose to make a few remarks. I will begin with the "veracious old chronicler," Bernal Diaz; and respecting him I agree with you, except that I do not at all partake of the enthusiasm of your admiration for him. I think his book a very entertaining one, but I do not consider it by any means the "most enchanting" in any language; and, when you said this, it was not in your mind, probably, that you had read Robinson Crusoe, Don Quixotte, Gil Blas, Rabelais, and others that might be named—all at least as enchanting, though not capable, perhaps, of exciting the same interest, for the reason that they are fictions, and the other a solemn and serious relation of facts—the bloodiest, the most atrocious, and most harrowing of any on record; or, at all events, as much so as any others.

I do not think, either, that between Ossian and Diaz there are many points of resemblance; and I scarcely know any two books that treat so much of the same subject, (war,) that, in my judgment, are more unlike each other. And as for Froissart, I cannot but think that, whoever has waded through his voluminous work, must confess that he has found some rather heavy reading on the way; though, on the whole, it undoubtedly deserves the eulogiums that have been so profusely bestowed upon it. But this is a matter of no consequence to you, or to me, or to anybody else. I think you have done no more than justice to Diaz, when you give him the credit of being "veracious"—truth being the cream and essence and quintessence of history, as veracity is the glory of a historian; pity 'tis that some of them have been so indifferent to this glory! I am of opinion that there is, perhaps, no book purporting to be a narrative of facts, written under as disadvantageous circumstances as Diaz wrote, that contains more truth. I believe that he saw and heard all that he says he did, or that, at all events, he religiously believed that he did. I think so, because the most competent judges, whatever fault they may find with his manner or style, or his vanity or illiteracy, all agree, I believe, that he is honest. And I have another reason, which is, that his history contains as much internal evidence of its truthfulness as any other book of the kind, probably, though now and then there are passages to be found, particularly where he plays the theologian and natural philosopher, that are rather ludicrous

and absurd; as when he says of the virgin Mary, *era virgin antes del parto, en el parto y despues del parto.* And of a horse that died of heat on the expedition to Guatemala, he says, that the cause of his death was, that the grease in his body was melted by the excessive heat—*(se le derritió la manteca en el cuerpo con el gran calor)*—a death we were all in danger of dying here in the month of July last, when, as the Hon. C. J. Ingersoll says, (War of 1812,) of this same city of Washington in 1813, "the weather was in canicular sympathy with our condition."

You have done right, I think, to vindicate the old chronicler against Mr. Prescott's disparaging critique, in which he does not charge him with falsehood, or with anything disreputable or criminal; yet, taken altogether, the article is unfavorable, notwithstanding that there is some "faint praise" flung over and through it here and there. But Cortez was the favorite hero of Mr. Prescott as well as of yourself; and I am inclined to believe that he does not consider the old chronicler's testimony as favorable to him as you do, and was easily led insensibly, by his partiality to the one, to underrate the other. And here I will remark, that Mr. Prescott has done the work of whitewashing the character of that remorseless cut-throat and robber, (Cortez,) in the most effectual manner, and with but too much success; for, with few exceptions, the thousands and tens of thousands who read his admirable and eloquent pages, will admit as gospel and historic truth all that he has said of that bloody and unscrupulous tyrant and oppressor. And behold the omnipotence of genius! I, who believe nothing that Mr. Prescott has said of Cortez, that represents him as noble, and generous, and humane, and merciful—I read his "Conquest of Mexico" with as much pleasure, I suppose, as those who believe it all; and, carried away with his fascinating style, scarcely think of regretting, until I get through the work, that so much talent, and learning, and time, have been expended upon one of the very worst characters in all history. But he was successful, and success palliates all wrong, consecrates all crime. Had he failed and survived, a halter and endless infamy would have been his fate; he succeeded, and an apotheosis has been decreed him.

"Et voila! comment on ecrit l'histoire!"*

I have heard it said that Mr. Prescott is writing, or intends to write, a history also of the conquest of Peru; and I am curious to know what sort of a character he intends to make of Pizarro, who as much merits laudation as Cortez; though they both deserved, in truth, to be loaded with infamy in this world, and to be sent far beyond purgatory in the next. There can be but one opinion about the "Conquest of Mexico" as regards the execution of the work and the good faith of the author, but I am sorry that he did not dedicate his great powers to a subject worthier of them, as I should say; and that he did not leave to Spaniards the task of whitewashing the detestable workers of iniquity of their own

* See the manner in which history is written.

nation; and this, in the case of Cortez, had been already very plausibly and ably done by Cadalso, a Spaniard, a man of talents, and an author of reputation.

We agree that the "veracious old cronicler" is an unexceptionable witness, as respects the conquest of Mexico and the conduct of Cortez; and this premised, I do not hesitate to express the opinion, that at least four readers out of five, who will peruse his narrative carefully and deliberately, without passion, prepossession, or prejudice, will come to the conclusion, that his hero, whilst brave, skilful, politic, and persevering, and even eloquent—for Diaz says he could employ honeyed words (*palabras melosas*) when he chose to do so—yet, that he was at the same time cruel, sanguinary, rapacious, and unjust. Diaz does not say so in so many words, it is true; nor did he intend that inference to be drawn; for Cortez was his favorite hero as well as yours. But he was honest, truthful, plain to bluntness, with a good deal of *naiveté* about him, as Dr. Robertson says of him; and, by the way, that great historian expresses himself, in his *History of America*, very favorably of Diaz, and he is, or was, as good a judge of his claims to credibility as Mr. Prescott is; but not a better, certainly. Diaz calls his own work a "plain and true history," (*clara y verdadera historia,*) and such it is admitted almost universally to be.

The slaughter of the Cholulans, you say yourself, is a stain on the character of Cortez, and undoubtedly it is; but I do not perceive that it tarnishes his character any more than any other of the almost countless slaughters that he commanded and superintended; as at Capistlan, for instance, where Mexican blood flowed so profusely that it discolored the water of a stream that was near, rendering it unfit to be drunk. This I say, not upon the authority of Diaz, but of the historian Solis, who relates the fact in *his* "Conquest of Mexico." His words are, "rivulets of Mexican blood flowed for a while so abundantly into the river, that the Spaniards, who repaired to it to drink, were obliged either to continue to suffer from thirst, or to reconcile themselves to the horror of the refreshment." (*Fue necesario aguardase la sed ó se compusiese con el horror del refrigerio.*) And Solis was as great an admirer of Cortez as you are; for he was his favorite hero also, and he labors hard to make him heroic throughout his work, which is well written, his style being greatly superior to Diaz's, though not so entertaining; but I do not believe him to have been as veracious or as conscientious as the old chronicler. He was a furious and uncompromising bigot, who regarded the cutting of throats, and all atrocities, as meritorious acts, if done for the advancement of the holy Catholic faith. The words he uses in relating the death of Montezuma, prove what kind of a heart he must have had. "During the battle," he says, "that lasted three days, he (Montezuma) rendered to the Devil eternal possession of his soul," (*rindió al demonio la eterna posesion de su espiritu.*) He claims much for his hero, but is modest enough to place him, as regards power and merit, after the Almighty; for "the work," (the conquest,) he says, "was not entirely his, for as it was the will of God that that

empire should be reduced, he availed himself of his talent," &c., *(sirviendose de su talento.)*

The slaughter at Cholula you condemn, though you acquit Cortez of "unnecessary cruelty," which is a phrase not perfectly intelligible to me, though it may be to you, and to many others. I am not metaphysician and casuist enough to be able to distinguish between necessary and unnecessary cruelty, being rather of opinion, right or wrong, that cruelty can never be necessary. Harsh, stern, and severe measures may be, but if dictated by inevitable and overpowering necessity, they can scarcely be called cruel, it appears to me. But what do you say to Cortez's branding the prisoners he made (being first made slaves) with a hot iron, precisely as cattle are branded; thus superadding to the greatest wrong that can be inflicted, the greatest insult that can be offered to a human creature—burning into his flesh an ignominious and indelible token of his degradation and ruin? Was this cruelty, and was it necessary? And upon whose authority do I relate this? You know well enough, without doubt; but it will surprise some probably to learn, that it is the veracious old chronicler himself who vouches for such an unparalleled barbarity, or to be paralleled only perhaps by the atrocities perpetrated on board slave ships, and which have been so eloquently and indignantly denounced by Burke, Wilberforce, Fox, Brougham, and others.

These massacres and this branding are bad enough, but they are not all the stains that discolor and make odious the character of the "miracle of a man," and which I feel assured, and am happy so to feel, not all the eloquent historians and eloquent diplomatists who have come so chivalrously to the rescue, will be able, in the opinion of a just and impartial posterity, to remove. And the time will come, if mankind do not retrograde, that this *beau ideal* of a hero, as he is now represented to be, and who is placed upon the same eminence with great and good men, will finally find his level in history among the Neros and Caligulas of antiquity, and the Viscontis, and Muley Ishmaels, and Pizarros of more modern times.

I will now call your attention to an act of *necessary* cruelty, as you seem to regard it, which seems to me to cast a shade over the character of Cortez of yet deeper darkness than his slaughters and brandings—the murder, as I call it; the execution, as you call it, of his prisoner Guatemosin, the Mexican monarch, who you say had formed a plan for the massacre of the Spaniards. This plan you assume as undeniable, and pronounce it to be absurd to impute to Cortez any other motives for the act, he being a hero at all points—at all points!! You argue at some length to prove this, but cite no authority. I will cite one, though, to establish the murder—one, unimpeachable in your eyes and in my own; pronounced by you to be most reliable authority; no less a man than the old chronicler himself, who, upon this point, is most explicit, and betrays feelings that do him honor, such as certainly never influenced the actions or softened the heart of the hero. The truth of this dark transaction is plainly as follows: Guatemosin had be-

come an incumbrance to Cortez. No more treasures could be extorted or discovered by threat, imprisonment, ill treatment, or tortures. To set him at liberty might be dangerous; it would have been, no doubt. What then was to be done? To this question the same answer suggested itself, that has ever suggested itself to every unscrupulous tyrant who has been placed in the same circumstances: Put him out of the way. But a pretext was necessary. That was soon found—a conspiracy of an inconsiderable number of naked, miserable, starving, unarmed, and exhausted Indian slaves, against the lives of the Spaniards, armed to the teeth, and one of whom, as previous combats had proven, was more than a match for two hundred, when free and armed, and in martial array, and fighting for their country, their homes, their liberties, their wives and children, and all that is dear to man, savage or civilized. Never, in my opinion, was the allegation of a conspiracy more utterly groundless and *absurd*, if I may borrow your own word. You must know—no man knows better—that this charge of conspiracy is an old device, and one long since discredited. Availing herself of this pretext, Queen Elizabeth murdered Queen Mary, with some judicial forms, it is true, such as they were, because she could not prevail upon an honest man, Sir Amias Pawlet, to take her off privately. Guatemosin was disposed of without any forms that deserved even the name; and to add to the "deep damnation of his taking off," he was made to die a death of all others the most disgraceful, and which the Spaniards do not, I believe, inflict upon the worst malefactors—he was hung, and with him the Cacique of Tacuba, charged also with conspiracy—(some say two caciques were executed.) Diaz says on this occasion: "I much pitied the great Guatemuz," (Guatemosin.) "They" (G. and the Cacique of Tacuba) "were most unjustly put to death, and the act was condemned by all of us that were on that expedition." (*Tuve gran lastima del gran Guatemuz y fué esta muerte que les dieron muy injustamente dada y parecia mal à todos losque illamos aquella jornada.*) Not only did Diaz condemn the murder, but it was condemned by all the soldiers; men to whom blood and slaughter were familiar, who regarded but little the life of an Indian, certainly; yet even these men, callous as they may be supposed to have been, were touched by the cruel fate of the fallen monarch, disapproved the putting of him to death, and pronounced it to be unjust. One only approved, and he ought to have been the last. You say, though, that on that occasion Cortez, whilst imbruing his hands in the blood of his prisoner, could have "had for him no other feeling than that of sympathy and admiration." I do not know what authority you have for this opinion or assertion, whichever it is; but if Diaz is good authority, I do not think there is any ground for believing that it was felt; and, if affected, it was just that kind of sympathy that Elizabeth affected to feel for Mary after she had been executed, and which only proved that her persecutor and destroyer was a profound hypocrite, as well as an unscrupulous tyrant.

Thus perished Guatemosin; dying the death of a felon, by the command of him by whom he had been first robbed of country, kingdom,

liberty, friends, happiness, and of every thing that force can filch from weakness; thus he perished, whom you pronounced to have been "the greatest of Indian heroes, a being of romance rather than history." You have read his speech to Cortez, when about to be led to execution. It is a memorable one, well worth reading, and well worth remembering. "Malinche," (Cortez,) he said, "I have long perceived, from your false words, that you had destined me for such a death, because I did not lay violent hands upon myself when you entered the city of Mexico. Why are you going thus to put me unjustly to death? God, one time, will ask this of you." Yes! unless the Christian religion is an imposture, future accountability a fallacy, and the justice of Heaven an illusion, this question will one time be asked beyond all doubt. When it is, you and I will be present; and, for myself, such is my bad taste, or my undevoutness, that I would far rather be, on that tremendous occasion, the murdered heathen, than the "devout Christian," his destroyer. Heathen, I call Guatemosin, although he had been baptized. Such a baptism is a desecration of that holy ordinance.

Of the execution of Guatemosin, Dr. Robertson says: "On a slight suspicion, confirmed by very imperfect evidence, that Guatemosin had formed a scheme to shake off the yoke, and to excite his former subjects to take arms, Cortez, without the formality of a trial,* ordered the unhappy monarch, together with the caciques of Tezcuco and Tacuba, the two persons of greatest eminence in the Empire, to be hanged."

Of the same tragedy, Mr. Prescott says: "The most probable explanation of the affair seems to be, that Guatemosin was a troublesome, and indeed formidable captive."

Here, then, we have the opinion of two celebrated historians, one our cotemporary, and the other almost so, whose opinions are clearly against the hypothesis of Guatemosin's conspiracy. And neither of these historians is unfavorable to Cortez. One of them (Mr. Prescott) is, on the contrary, his apologist and eulogist, as the following brief quotations from his Conquest of Mexico abundantly show: "Cortez was not cruel, at least not cruel as compared with most of those who followed his iron trade; not wantonly cruel. He was not a vulgar conqueror. He did not conquer for the mere ambition of conquest." "Bigotry of Cortez should be termed only a failing."

Bigotry only a *failing!!* Then Charles the Ninth, who caused forty thousand of his Protestant subjects to be massacred on St. Bartholomew's day, he himself shooting them from a window of the palace of the Louvre at Paris, (at which window I have often gazed with strange emotions—emotions rendered yet more intense by the circumstance of my having French Hugenot blood in my veins;) Louis the Fourteenth, exterminating his subjects with his *dragonnades*, and driving hundreds of thousands of them into exile by the repeal of Henry the Fourth's tolerating edict, (of Nantes;) Queen Mary of England burning her Protestant subjects in London, (at Smithfield;) and the whole hell-brood of

* Gomara and Torquemada say there was a trial; what a mockery it must have been!

inquisitors, who have murdered their thousands and tens and hundreds of thousands, can be charged only with a *failing;* for bigotry was the cause of all these atrocities.

Alas! for the morality of history! when such a writer as Mr. Prescott can soften down to a mere failing such a fatal and infernal obliquity, from all that is good, and merciful, and just, as bigotry, that has produced as much mischief and misery as almost any other of the fierce and diabolic passions, and that has occasioned the shedding of blood enough the "multitudinous sea to incarnadine." If bigotry is only a failing, it would be difficult, in my judgment, to say what would be a crime. Mr. Hallam has said, (*Middle Ages,*) what is but too true I fear, that "Historians have, in general, more indulgence for splendid crimes than for the weakness of virtue." Cortez was a splendid criminal, and therefore he has been almost deified by them.

When you place Cortez at an "immeasurable height" above Napoleon and all conquerors, because he was a "most sincere and devout Christian," I at first thought I had read the passage wrong; but, finding that it stands plainly as I quote, my next thought was, whether it might not be ironical; that cannot be, however, and it is clear that you mean precisely what you say. This, certainly, is ascribing to your favorite hero a crowning perfection; but never, in my opinion, was the word "Christian" applied with less propriety, taking the Scripture definition of religion to be the true one—"to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly;" "to forgive our enemies, and to do unto others what we would that they should do unto us." Which of all these commands did Cortez fulfil? Certainly not one, if there is any truth in history; nor can I be persuaded that there is one single Christian virtue that he practised. He was just such a Christian as Pizarro, whose conduct in Peru was about like his own in Mexico. He was a fierce and bloody bigot; a sort of believer, who attended mass and murdered the poor Mexicans by thousands on the same day. Can that farrago of fanaticism, cruelty, and intolerance, professed and practised by Cortez and his followers, be called the Christian religion? To call it so seems to me one of the most emphatic misnomers that ever came under my notice. The term that Tacitus ignorantly applied to the Christian religion at Pagan Rome, nearly 1,800 years ago—*exitiabilis superstitio*—a pernicious superstition—might well be applied to the faith transplanted from Spain to Mexico by such missionaries as Cortez and his followers; and very different were the weapons with which they propagated it from those employed by Christ and the Apostles. These were not persuasion, argument, and the example of a blameless life; but fire, the sword, the halter, and the rack. Cortez a sincere and devout Christian! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

I am not among the admirers of Napoleon. He was a traitor to the cause of human liberty, and what Mr. Jefferson, who but seldom erred in his opinion of men, called him, "the apostle of desolation." But, bold, bad, and unscrupulous as he might have been, I cannot admit that the Christian piety of Cortez placed him at any height above him,

measurable or "immeasurable." Most certain it is that Napoleon had no religion at all, although he died in communion with the Roman Catholic church. He was indifferent to all religions, and would just as readily have made the Jewish, or Mahomedan, or Mormon, (had it then existed,) the religion of the State as the Christian, would it have answered his purpose as well. But he persecuted no religion, tolerated all, protected all; the blood that he was the cause of shedding was shed by his ambition, not by his bigotry. In practice he was a better Christian than Cortez; and, as to faith and creeds, I think it getting rather late in the day to suppose that he that practises no virtue, whose life is one continuous career of murder, rapine, and robbery, can atone for his misdeeds by holding fast to a creed. This might pass 320 years ago, but will not in the year 1846. I will again call the old chronicler into court.

Bernal Diaz, not inferentially and by innuendo, but pretty plainly, establishes on Cortez the fact, that he swindled his companions in arms out of their just share of the booty after the capture of the city of Mexico, saying that they did not receive from him more than a fifth or sixth of what was due them, even after deducting one-fifth of the whole for the King, and another fifth for himself. There is a hero for you! Why no bucanier chief would have been guilty of such baseness and ingratitude as this; for among them the maxim, "honor among thieves," was held sacred. I say ingratitude, because if ever a commander owed a debt of gratitude to his soldiers, it was Cortez. For him they had braved all perils, and committed almost every crime; had become rebels to their sovereign, and imbued their hands in the blood of their fellow-countrymen, (the troops of Narvaez;) had poured out their own blood like water; had endured all privations and suffered all that human nature could suffer; and when, at last, reduced to less, I believe, than one-third of their original number, they had accomplished the crowning work of their enterprise—the capture of the city—they are defrauded, cheated, swindled out of their share of their hard-earned though ill-gotten spoils, by their own commander, that "sincere and devout Christian," for whom they had won so much glory and so much gold—for the fifth to which he was entitled was more than a princely fortune. Now, if the annals of human meanness and human baseness can furnish anything meaner and baser than this, I know not where it is to be found.

To show that I do not stand alone in the opinion I have formed of Cortez, I will quote Lord Brougham, than whom there is not perhaps an abler or more sagacious man; a friend, too, of human liberty; an admirer of our institutions, and the eulogist of Washington and Jefferson. In a biographical notice of Dr. Robertson, written by him, he speaks of the "measures" of Cortez "as bold and masterly, but cruel and profligate;" a just sentence, and coming from a most competent judge.

At present I have nothing more to say with reference to the character or conduct of Cortez, but will submit a brief vindication of "our own Pocahontas," whom you have, most mistakingly, I think, represented as being inferior to that "miracle of a woman, Marina," the Indian in-

terpreter of Cortez. In this opinion I differ with you *toto cælo*—the whole length and breadth of the heavens. Was Pocahontas not "our own," still I should regard her as a much nobler character than the other, for she was her superior in all womanly virtues. Marina was as good a Christian as Cortez, but not so good a one as Pocahontas. She was dexterous, courageous, talented, and devoted to the Spaniards. Her *liason* with Cortez, without the sanction of a nuptial benediction, may be in some degree excused, perhaps, on account of her unprotected situation, and the all-infecting, all-polluting licentiousness of the invaders. But what great qualities she possessed that "throw the other into the shade," I know not. If birth were any thing, Pocahontas has the advantage, for she was a princess. Marina was not, though of noble blood; so says Diaz, who does not give a very satisfactory account, however, of her family and origin. But it may be true. She was courageous—so was the other; and in all history there is not to be found a more interesting female character than Pocahontas. She was gentle, affectionate, and good-hearted; she exerted herself to maintain peace between the English and her father. Her efforts were always on the side of humanity, and to prevent the effusion of blood—Marina's on the side of the oppressor and ravager of her country; and if not so intended, it had the effect to further the bloodiest and most atrocious designs. Pocahontas became a Christian more than nominally, married a respectable Englishman, and her blood yet flows in the veins of persons of the first respectability in Virginia. Of that blood I should be proud; not because she was a princess, but because she was a woman of a noble soul, and an ornament to her sex. She was "our own," too, which is something in my estimation. I think her greater than Marina, throwing her entirely into the shade; and I think Captain John Smith, whose life she saved, a much more perfect hero and man than Cortez; for he possessed all the good qualities of the Spaniard, and none of the bad that so abounded in him. He was as enterprising, as chivalric, and as brave; and, as a man and a Christian, stands immeasurably higher; but his career not being emblazoned with blood and devastation—as he conquered no kingdoms, and sacked and destroyed no cities, exterminated no communities, dethroned no monarch, and murdered none, the historians notice him but briefly; for history, whose delight seems to be to record wicked actions, if they are but brilliant, and to exalt the cutthroat and robber into the hero, if but successful, takes not much pleasure in recording actions, however useful and meritorious they may be, unless connected with a great name; and if great, no matter how bad. Thus, even in the United States, the history of Cortez is much better known than that of Captain Smith.

Skipping over 320 years, I will now say something about another worthy, who has figured largely on the same theatre on which Cortez "played such fantastic tricks before high heaven." This is Santa Anna. I do not recollect that you call him your "favorite hero," or a hero of any kind; but you express a pretty favorable opinion of him upon the whole, much more so than he deserves in my opinion; for, in my judg-

ment, he is not much better in any respect than Cortez, and at an immeasurable distance behind him in courage and capacity, notwithstanding his finely formed head and face, "indicative of talent, firmness and benevolence," according to "a distinguished American statesman"—high authority about a political or financial question without doubt; but no better than yours or mine, or any body's else, respecting Santa Anna's head and face, unless he is a physiognomist and phrenologist, and that does not appear; or, if he is, as I have no faith in either of those humbugs—physiognomy and phrenology—I should still be a little skeptical.

You consider Santa Anna to be a patriot, and wish to see him at the head of the government, though you say that he is avaricious, and admit that he is addicted to peculation and bribery, if you may believe half that you have heard. You may safely believe that half, and the other half too. It is of but little consequence who is at the head of the Mexican Government under the present system. It must be either a military despot, or the tool of a military faction; and Santa Anna, bad as he is, may be perhaps not much worse than the man who would be, if he were not. Paredes is perhaps one among the best of a bad class—the military men of Mexico. That he (Santa Anna) is a patriot, though, I cannot believe even upon your authority, which I grant to be high. I do not understand how any man can be a patriot who is the plunderer of his country; and that he is, you do not deny. No peculator, no receiver of bribes, can be devoted to the public weal. At least such was the old-fashioned doctrine among us in other days. Whether it can be said *tempora mutantur* or not, I do not pretend to decide. I hope it cannot be. God forbid it ever should be so said.

This patriot, among other accomplishments, possesses that of being an adept in (*risum teneatis*) the noble and glorious science of—cock-fighting! It is the first time I recollect ever to have seen greatness, patriotism, and cock-fighting in conjunction and juxtaposition. We have heard a good deal of Julius Cæsar, Washington, Napoleon, and other heroes, but nothing of their cock-fighting; and, in my humble judgment, there never was a great man who was an habitual cock-fighter; for the very plain reason that a great mind could not let itself down to such a pitiful and paltry amusement, saying nothing of its cruelty. But of this—*jam satis*.

Santa Anna told you that "General Jackson was satisfied with his explanations of the massacre at the Alamo, and of Fanning's command;" and I grieve to think myself authorized by your silence in drawing the inference that you, too, were, in some degree, satisfied, as far as regards his (Santa Anna's) own justification. I am not, nor can I persuade myself that General Jackson was, until it comes from higher authority than the culprit himself. If there is any higher I have not heard of it, and if the "Old Roman" ever expressed any satisfaction, it was, without doubt, qualified with an IF—*if* all that the perpetrator of the enormity said in his exculpation was true. Was it true? Do you believe it? You do not say in your "Recollections," and I am sorry that you do not; for upon that point, above all others, you ought to have expressed

an opinion, it seems to me. You do call it an "unmitigated murder," it is true, but do not fix the murder on Santa Anna quite clearly enough. You say that "the massacre of Fanning's men is not without illustrious examples," to wit, the slaughter of the Turks at Jaffa, by Bonaparte, and of our own countrymen by the British Indians at the river Raisin. The slaughter of the Turks was what you would call an "unnecessary cruelty," and wholly without defence; but I think it pretty certain that there was no capitulation, stipulating on the part of the Turks that their lives should be saved. The want of this, though, could not justify the wholesale murder of them.* The massacre at the river Raisin was fully as atrocious as that of Fanning's detachment. The British officers pretended that they could not prevent it; an allegation long ago proven to be false; and if any man doubts, let him read Ingersoll's History of the War of 1812, and he will doubt no longer. To these "illustrious examples" you might have added another of recent occurrence—the smoking to death, in a cave, of 800 Arabs, men, women, and children, by a French colonel; and all the reparation that has been offered to outraged humanity is, that a French minister, M. Guizot, I believe, said, in the Chamber of Deputies, that the government *regretted the occurrence!*

It may be, that according to the laws of war, which, respecting such cases as the storming of the fort at the Alamo, are extremely rigorous, that massacre may be susceptible of some palliation, and but little either. In the case of Fanning, though the slaughter was what you pronounce it to be, "unmitigated murder," and Santa Anna the murderer, he does not deny the capitulation, but alleges necessity as a justification for the slaughter; that the prisoners were near five hundred in number, and had secret arms, whilst the Mexican guard was but three hundred strong. Can you believe this? Is it credible? Never, in my opinion, did cornered villainy attempt to escape by a fouler falsehood. Would five hundred Americans, with arms, or without them, suffer themselves to be butchered in cold blood by three hundred Mexicans; and they, too, the timid, miserable creatures you represent them

* Of the massacre at Jaffa, General Jomini, than whom there is not a more competent judge, says, in his great work *The Wars of the* French Revolution, "that it tarnished the greatest military reputation (Napoleon's) of modern times;" and that from the moment the Turks "were permitted to surrender their arms, no consideration of prudence could deprive them of the rights they had acquired by the capitulation!!" And Jomini does not use the word capitulation in the sense in which we understand it generally—a stipulation in favor of life, as there was in the case of Fanning's detachment. He means, that the simple fact of consenting to receive the arms of an enemy implies an understanding that his personal safety is guarantied. At Jaffa there was no capitulation but this; with Fanning there was an express stipulation that the lives of the prisoners should be safe. And if Jomini so unhesitatingly condemns the "great captain" for his barbarity at Jaffa, what would he have said of Santa Anna's massacre, so much more atrocious in its character? The following are Jomini's words:

Cet acte d'une feroce barbarie porta atteinte à la plus belle reputation des temps modernes. En vain on a voulu couvrir ce massacre de la impérieuse loi de la nécessité; les personnes de prisonniers sont sacrés; elles sont sous la sauvegarde de l'honneur; dès qu'on avait consenti à recevoir les armes de ces ennemis, aucune consideration de prudence ne pouvait les priver des droits qu'ils s'étaient acquis par la capitulation.

to be? Impossible! Had these been the relative numbers, a very different account of that affair would have been rendered, be assured. The Americans would have taken their muskets from them, and beaten their brains out with the butt ends.

Santa Anna, I admit, is not without some merit; he might be worse than he is, and you were very successful in prevailing upon him to spare the lives of your captive countrymen in his power. With respect to that matter he behaved, upon the whole, very well, though I cannot help thinking that you owed your success as much to his fears as to his good feelings; he preferred your friendship to your hostility. The former might be of service to him, as your work (the Recollections) shows it to have been; the latter might have been injurious, as no doubt it would; and as putting the prisoners to death could have been of no possible benefit to him, he wisely resolved to be governed by his interest, which was to be merciful, rather than by his instinct, which led him to shed blood. I am willing to admit, though, that he may not be so atrociously cruel and hard-hearted, but that he may be capable of doing a just and generous action when he is to gain by it, or even when it may be a matter of perfect indifference.

Here I should close my remarks, having nothing more to say about Cortez or Santa Anna; but there are a few other passages in your "Recollections" that particularly attracted my attention. A word about them.

General Miller, the British consul-general for the Sandwich Islands, said to you that he was "surprised that any standing army should be kept up in the United States." To this your reply was, that you "thought so, too; and that it was somewhat remarkable, that the most creditable achievements of American arms had been in battles where the larger part of the troops engaged were militia."

I am not at all surprised that an Englishman should express the opinion that we need no standing army; but am, somewhat, that an American statesman and diplomatist should concur in that opinion. It would suit the English extremely well if we would abolish both army and navy, for Great Britain has, some time since, most benevolently manifested a willingness to act as constable-general of the ocean—as Gen. Cass says in his very able essay about Impressment and Search—adopting and enforcing such police regulations as might best suit her; and, doubtless, influenced by that maternal and affectionate kindness she has ever felt for us, would be equally willing to take charge, also, of our interests ashore, as well as of those afloat. A wolf once persuaded a shepherd to let him take charge of his flock, protesting a great affection for that gentle and defenceless animal, the sheep; and he told the truth, for he was very partial to mutton. I need not say what followed.

I will do myself the justice to say, *en passant*, however, that I indulge no rancorous anti-Anglican feeling. England is a great country —at present, the *grande nation;* but we will get ahead of her in less than fifty years. The English are a great people, and we ought to be

proud of being descended from such a stock. With any other people for our ancestors, we would not have been what we now are; and never could be, in my opinion, what our destiny has in reserve for us.

Is it not going a little too far to say, that the *most* creditable achievements of our arms have been in battles where the militia were the most numerous? That they have behaved admirably on many occasions, have fought courageously and heroically, I take both pleasure and pride in saying; but, at the same time, I think it cannot be questioned that some of the most creditable achievements, for instance, the bloody and severely-contested battles in Canada, in 1814, have taken place in the entire absence of any militia force. Those battles were the most severely contested, I believe, of any that have been fought in this part of the continent. There, truly, was "the tug of war." Our soldiers met and conquered, man for man, or with inferior numbers, the best troops to be found in Europe; probably, the conquerors of Napoleon's veterans. No militia could have done that, and you have given the reason, the unanswerable reason, in your own book—the want of discipline. Without that, militia cannot meet regulars in the open field, and a fair field fight is the decisive test of the skill and efficiency of troops. Elsewhere the militia may be very formidable. This is clear, without going so far as to adopt the opinion that you seem to have adopted, of supposing the disciplined soldier to be five times as efficient as the undisciplined. Whether this odds exist or not, depends upon the kind of militia in question. Between American regulars and Mexican militia there may be that difference; but certainly not that, or any, between Mexican regulars and American militia.

Instead of having no regular army, we ought, in my opinion, to have one of at least twenty thousand rank and file; and this, if not already proven by our present Mexican war, will be proven by the time it is finished. If General Taylor had had a force of fifteen or twenty thousand regulars when he first marched to the Rio Grande, he might now be in the city of Mexico, had it been necessary to go that far to "conquer a peace;" and the war would not then have cost one-half of what it will under the militia system. Militia can well be relied upon for defensive purposes, but are not equally efficient for offensive war; though with such a commander as General Jackson, they would be equal to any achievement almost.*

One objection with us to a large standing army, as one of twenty thousand would be called, is the expense; but this is a misconception; for, upon an average of twenty years, the *regular* system would be found to be the cheapest; and, besides, it would effect a great saving of life; that is, it would cost less money, saying nothing of its superior effectiveness. Economy pleads, therefore, for the regular force, and so does humanity. There is another objection to it though, sometimes made, which I will notice; it is, that standing armies are dangerous to

* And they have recently performed wonders at Monterey, under the command of General Taylor—fighting and storming batteries with the steadiness and resolution of veterans.

the liberties of a country. This, to my mind, is but a phantom in the United States. That we should have any thing to apprehend from an army of twenty thousand seems to me ridiculous, or from an hundred thousand. Who could corrupt that army, if we had it, and prevail upon it to declare against the country? General Jackson exercised as much influence over the public mind as any other man ever has—as much as General Washington—and the time never was, in my opinion, that he could have engaged one hundred men to unite with him in a war upon our liberties, had it been possible for that noble patriot to make such an attempt; nor could General Washington, or any other general, past, present, or to come, provided we maintain our present institutions unimpaired; for the plain reason that ours is, what it is called, a government of the people, in which the humblest citizen knows and feels that he has an interest, and of which he is a constituent.

You say, "I want no more territory, for we have already too much. If I were to make an exception to this remark, it would be to acquire California."

In this sentiment we do not differ, except that I do not think we have too much territory, though with California we should have enough. That I hope will be acquired, either by purchase in peace, or by conquest in war, if the war must continue. It is of no use to Mexico; never will be; never can be. It is too remote from the centre, for a country where the federal principle can never be practised or understood probably; and as the population will soon be mostly American, it must, in the course of human events, separate from Mexico, and it will form either an independent State, will join the United States, or will fall into the hands of Great Britain; the last of which is a "consummation *not* devoutly to be wished!"

I cannot subscribe, though, to the opinion you express when you say, "I know no great people who have not been crowded into a small space—the Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Jews, and the English."

This has somewhat the appearance of a *post hoc, ergo propter hoc argument*—that the people you name have been great because their territories were small—a strange conclusion to arrive at, I think, and one not authorized by facts. The people you name were great, because the elements of greatness were inherent in their *races*, and because their geographical positions were favorable to their development. The Jews, however, ought to be excepted, their government being a theocracy; God himself directed and superintended their national affairs; whereas, judging from the manner in which governments in the Old World, and in many parts of the New, are conducted generally, we might suppose them to be under the influence and guidance of a very different kind of a ruler. For the Jews you might substitute the Carthaginians—a great people crowded into a small space. But I cannot subscribe to your theory; there are so many small States that are not great, and so many large ones that are, that your rule cannot be received, either as universal or a general one. Rome was great before she was large, and

great afterwards. China was both large and great before Romulus and Remus sucked the she-wolf at Rome, [if suck her they did,] then a forest; and will be, probably, when the site even of the "eternal city" will be a matter of dispute among antiquaries.

"Time doubts of Troy, and time will doubt of Rome."

Then there is Russia, with her sixty millions of inhabitants, and colossal power greater and more powerful than ever Rome was. And France, in the time of Napoleon, when her territory, including Italy, &c., comprised nearly half a million of square miles—was she not great? Is she not yet? And still she is not, by any means, a small State in point of size. England is great, but without doubt she owes a portion of her greatness to her foreign possessions. Take India from her, and she would soon be reduced to a second rate power. And ourselves, the "model republic," have we not some pretensions to greatness? Which surely we could not have, if national deterioration were a consequence of great territorial extent, or of territorial acquisition. In some respects, we are unchallengeably ahead of all the world—as regards form of government, civil institutions, freedom of conscience, &c., &c. To the example of the United States Europe is indebted for a somewhat humanized criminal code, and for ameliorated institutions in general; and, above all, the United States took the first step towards abolishing the slave-trade, notwithstanding the cant at Exeter Hall, and the still worse cant of our own furious abolitionists, whom nothing can content except instantaneous and unconditional abolition; and but for whose fanatical and unjustifiable interference, I have no doubt that some of the slave States would have adopted, before now, a system of gradual emancipation.

If we cannot be a great people without being "crowded into a small space," the acquisition of California, which you and I are in favor of, would be a great oversight, for it is of itself an extensive country. But I have no fears, either of its preventing or of its impairing our greatness.

If small States were great because they are small, what a wonderful people the good citizens of San Marino ought to be! that vast republic in Italy, that has twenty-two square miles of territory and eight thousand inhabitants! Or some of the German principalities, too diminutive to find a place on any map, and whose names would be unreadable if they could, being wholly unpronounceable, except by German organs.

I am now going to close this long letter. So far I have differed with you generally; but I have a word to say, to show you that, although I have been wielding the pen of a critic, in my heart there is nothing towards you but respect and good will. I have to say, then, that for the manner in which you discharged your duties when minister to Mexico, and for your kind and hospitable conduct towards your fellow-countrymen and the Texans—not then your countrymen—whom you found prisoners, and in distress and danger, you are entitled, in my opinion, to great credit. But for your humane and resolute interference in their

behalf, many of them would have been put to death without doubt. You saved them. You give the credit to Santa Anna; I give it to you, to whom it is due.

You say, "I have no words to express the scorn that I feel for one, who, in a foreign country, or in his intercourse with one, could for a moment remember our party dissensions." This is spoken like an American, and like a patriot. The sentiment is a noble and a generous one; and I would say to every citizen, and to every public agent abroad—Go thou and do likewise! P.

APPENDIX.

Extracts from Captain John Smith's General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles, &c.

Having feasted him [Captain Smith] after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could lay hands on him, dragged him to them and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs to beate out his brains, Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms and laid her own upon his to save him from death. Whereat, the Emperor was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper; for they thought him as well of all occupations as themselves. For the King himself will make his own robes, shooes, bows, arrows, pots; plant, hunt, or do any thing as well as the rest.

They say he (Smith) bore a pleasant shew,
But sure his heart was sad,
For who can pleasant be, and rest,
That lives in fear and dread;
And having life suspected, doth
It still suspected lead.

* * * * * * *

Now every once in foure or five days, Pocahontas, with her attendants, brought him so much provision, that saved many of their lives, that els for all this had starved with hunger.

Thus from numbe death, our good God sent reliefe,
The sweet asswager of all other griefe.

* * * * * * *

But to conclude our peace—thus it happened. Captain Argall having entered into great acquaintance with Japazaws, an old friend of Captain Smith's, and so to all our nation, ever since hee discovered the countrie. Hard by him, there was Pocahontas, whom Captain Smith's relations intituleth the numparell (nonpareil) of Virginia; and though she had been many times a preserver of him and the whole colonie, yet, till this accident, [her captivity,] she was never seen at Jamestown since his departure, &c. * * * * *

Long before this, Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman and of good behaviour, had been in love with Pocahontas, and she with him; which thing, at that instant, I made known to Sir Thomas Dale, by a letter from him wherein hee intreated his advice, and she acquainted her brother with it, which resolution Sir Thomas Dale well approved. The brute (report) of this marriage came soon to the knowledge of Powhatan, a thing acceptable to him as appeared by his sudden consent, &c. * * * * * *

Extract from Captain Smith's Memorial to the Queen of England on behalf of Pocahontas.

And this relief, [provisions,] most gracious Queene, was commonly brought us by this lady, Pocahontas; notwithstanding all these passages, when inconstant fortune turned our peace to warre, this tender Virgin would still not spare to visit us, and by her our jarres have been oft appeased and our wants still supplyed; were it the policie of her father thus to imploy her, or the ordinance of God thus to make her his instrument, or her extraordinarie affection to our nation, I know not; but of this I am sure, when her father, with the utmost of his policie and power, sought to surprise mee, having but eighteen with mee, the darke night could not affright her from comming through the irkesome woods, and with watered eies, gave me intelligence, with her best advice, to escape his furie; which had he knowne, hee had surely slaine her. Jamestown, with her wild traine, she as freely frequented as her father's habitation; and during the time of two or three yeeres, she, next under God, was still the instrument to preserve this colonie from death, famine, and utter confusion; which if in those times had once been dissolved, Virginia might have line [lain] as it was at our first arrival to this day, &c. * * * * * *

"The first Christian (Pocahontas) ever of that nation, the first Virginian ever spake English or had a child in marriage by an Englishman; a matter, surely, if my meaning bee truly considered and well understood, worthy a Prince's understanding," &c. * *

"The Treasurer, Councell, and Companie, having well furnished Captaine Samuel Argall, the Lady Pocahontas, alias Rebecca, with her husband and others, in the good ship called the George, it pleased God, at Gravesend, to take this young lady to his mercie; where shee made (caused) not more sorrow for her unexpected death, than joy to the beholders to heare and see her make so religious and goodly an end. Her little child, Thomas Rolfe, therefore, was left at Plimouth with Sir Lewis Stukley, that desired the keeping of it."

Extract from Beverly's History of Virginia.

Pocahontas had many honors done her by the Queen, upon account of Captain *Smith's* story; and being introduced by the Lady *Delaware*, she was frequently admitted to wait on her Majesty, and was publicly treated as a Prince's daughter. She was carried to many plays, balls, and other public entertainments, and very respectfully received by all the ladies about the court. Upon all which occasions, she behaved herself with so much decency, and shewed so much grandeur in her deportment, that she made good the brightest part of the character Captain Smith had given her. In the mean while, she gained the good opinion of every body so much, that the poor gentleman, her husband, had like to have been called to an account for presuming to marry a

Note.—Captain Smith's orthography is preserved in the foregoing extracts.

a Princess Royal without the King's consent; because it had been suggested, that he had taken advantage of her being a prisoner, and forced her to marry him. But upon a more perfect representation of the matter, his Majesty was pleased at last to declare himself satisfied. But had their true condition have been known, that pother had been saved.

Every body paid this young lady all imaginable respect, and it is supposed she would have sufficiently acknowledged those favors had she lived to return to her own country, by bringing the Indians to have a kinder disposition towards the English. But upon her return, she was unfortunately taken ill at Gravesend and died in a few days after, giving great testimony all the time she lay sick of her being a good Christian. She left issue one son, named Thomas Rolfe, whose posterity is at this day (1706) in good repute in Virginia, and now hold lands by descent from her.

Extracts from Stith's History of Virginia.

"He [Captain Argall] there found the English boy, Henry Spilman, preserved by Pocahontas and those Indians from the fury of Powhatan. He was a young gentleman well descended," &c.

"What was the reason of her [Pocahontas] absconding from Werowocomoco, cannot easily be judged; except it was to withdraw herself from being a witness to the frequent butcheries of the English, whose folly and rashness, after Smith's departure, put it out of her power to save them." * * * * * *

"In the mean while, Pocahontas, or the Lady Rebecca, as they now affected to call her, was kindly received in England. She was by this time well instructed in Christianity, spoke good and intelligible English, and was become very civil and ceremonious after the English fashion. She was likewise delivered of a son, of whom she was extremely fond, and the treasurer and company gave order for the handsome maintenance of both her and her child. Besides which, her company was courted, and she kindly treated by many persons of highest rank and quality in the nation. There hath been indeed a constant tradition, that the King became jealous and was highly offended at Mr. Rolfe for marrying a Princess. That anointed pedant (James the First) had so high an idea of the *jus divinum* and indefeasible right of Powhatan, that he held it a great crime and misdemeanor for any private gentleman to mingle with his imperial blood. And he might perhaps likewise think, consistently with his own principles, that the right of these dominion's would thereby be vested in Mr. Rolfe's posterity." * *

"He (the son of Pocahontas) left behind him an only daughter, who was married to Col. Robert Bolling, by whom she left an only son, the late Major John Bolling, who was father to the present Col. John Bolling and several daughters, married to Col. Richard Randolph, Col. John Fleming, Dr. Wm. Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge, and Mr. James Murray. So that the remnant of the imperial family of Virginia, which long ran in a single person, is now increased and branched out into a very numerous progeny."

Extracts from Sir William Keith's History of Virginia.

"The Indians, with all the many sports they could devise, spent the time till night, when they withdrew and returned to *Powhatton*, who was making every thing ready to surround the house and surprise Captain Smith while he was at supper. But Providence once more interposed in his favor, and sent that humane creature, the Princess *Pocohuntas*, who ventured herself in a dark night through the woods to advertise the President, [Captain Smith,] that her father was preparing to send him an elegant supper; but in case the people that brought it should miscarry in executing the orders they had received to kill him while he was eating, then the King, with all the forces he could raise, was in readiness to attack him and cut them all off." * *

"This incomparable lady, [Pocahontas.] with a tender flood of tears, told her story in so moving a manner, still beseeching Captain Smith to be gone, that the generous President used all possible means to comfort her, and offered her several valuable presents, which she refused, saying she was a dead woman if any such thing could be found about her. So she departed unobserved by any of her father's people, and in an hour's time came eight or ten lusty tall Indians, loaded with platters full of venison and other food. They were very importunate to have the President and his company sit down to their supper, intreating at the same time that he would order the matches to be put out, alleging that the smoke made them sick; but instead of that, the President obliged each of them to taste of every dish that they had brought; and then ordered them back to tell Powhatton that he was ready for his coming, with all the force he could bring."

Extract from Chief Justice Marshall's Life of Washington.

"They (the Indians) conducted him (Captain Smith) in triumph through several towns to the palace of Powhatan, the most potent King in that part of the country. There he was doomed to be put to death by laying his head upon a stone and beating out his brains with clubs. He was led to the place of execution, and his head bowed down for the purpose of death, when Pocahontas, the King's darling daughter, then about thirteen years of age, whose entreaties for his life had been ineffectual, rushed between him and his executioner, and holding his head in her arms, and laying hers upon it, arrested the fatal blow. Her father was then prevailed upon to spare his life, and after a great many savage ceremonies, he was sent back to Jamestown."

Extract from Burk's History of Virginia.

"The character of this interesting woman, [Pocahontas,] as it stands in the concurrent accounts of all our historians, is not, it is with confidence affirmed, surpassed by any in the whole range of history; and for those qualities more especially which do honor to our nature—an humane and feeling heart, an ardor and unshaken constancy in her attachments—she stands almost without a rival." * * *

"In Pocahontas we have to admire not the softer virtues only; she is found, when the interest of her friends demands it, full of foresight and intrepidity. When a conspiracy is planned for the extermination of the English, she eludes the jealous vigilance of her father, and ventures at midnight through a thousand perils to apprise them of their danger."

* * * * * * *

"It is the last sad office of history to record the fate of this incomparable woman. * * * She died at Gravesend, where she was preparing to embark with husband and son on her return to Virginia. Every thing had been done for the accommodation of this interesting family during the voyage, and in order that the state and figure of her husband might bear some proportion to the quality of the princess, he was made Secretary or Recorder General, a place which appears to have been created expressly for the occasion. Her death was a happy mixture of Indian fortitude and Christian submission, affecting all those who saw her by the lively and edifying picture of piety and virtue which marked her latter moments."

Extracts from "Historical Collections of Virginia," by Henry Howe.

"His [Captain Smith's] executioners had already raised their clubs to dash out his brains, and thus at once end his toil and difficulties, and cut off the only hope of the colony, when an advocate appeared as unexpected as would have been the appearance of an angel sent immediately from heaven to ask his release. This was Pocahontas, the emperor's favorite daughter, who generously stepped forth, and entreated with tears that Smith might be spared. And when she found this unavailing with the inexorable judges, she seized his head and placed it under her own to protect it from the blows." * * * *

"Captain Argall, in a voyage to the Potomac for the purpose of purchasing corn, fell in with an old chief named Japazaws, to whom Powhatan had entrusted Pocahontas, which he disclosed to Argall, and offered to sell her to him for a copper kettle. The bargain was made, and Pocahontas being enticed on board by the cunning of her guardian, was carried off without once suspecting the treachery of the old hypocrite. The authorities at Jamestown availed themselves of the possession of this lucky prize to endeavor to extort from Powhatan a high ransom; but the old emperor, though he really loved his daughter, seemed to be so highly affronted at the indignity offered him, that he preferred fighting those who had robbed him of his daughter to purchasing her freedom. But while this matter was in agitation, a treaty of a different character was going forward between the young princess herself and Mr. Rolfe, a highly respectable young gentleman of Jamestown, who, struck by her beauty and fascinated by her manners, so far superior to the rest of her race, wooed and won her affections, and obtained a promise of her hand. The news of this amicable adjustment of all difficulties soon reached the ears of Powhatan, and met with his cordial approbation." * * "This marriage secured the permanent friendship of Powhatan and all under his influence."

Extract from Holmes's Annals of America.

"The queen of Appamatuck was appointed to bring him [Captain Smith] water to wash his hands; and another person brought a bunch of feathers instead of a towel to dry them. Having feasted him in their best manner, they held a long consultation, at the conclusion of which two great stones were brought before Powhatan. As many of the Indians as could, laying hands on the devoted prisoner, dragged him to the stones, and placed his head on them with the intention of beating out his brains with clubs. At this moment Pocahontas, the king's favorite daughter, her entreaties and tears not availing to rescue the captive from execution, rushed in between him and the executioners, took his head into her arms, and laid her own upon it to ward off the blow," &c.

Extract from Hale's United States.

"He [Captain Argall] presumed that the possession of Pocahontas would give the English an ascendancy over Powhatan, who was known to feel a strong attachment for his daughter. In this, however, he was disappointed. Powhatan, noble by nature, felt indignant at this instance of treachery in the English. He offered a ransom for his daughter, but refused to consent to any terms of peace until she was restored. During her stay at Jamestown, her beauty, her artless simplicity, and those graces of manner which ever accompany dignity of mind and innocence of heart, won the affections of Mr. Rolfe, a young and respectable planter. He succeeded in producing a reciprocal attachment. They were married with the consent of Powhatan. The consequence of this marriage was peace with her father, and all the tribes who stood in awe of his power.

"Rolfe and his princess made a voyage to England, where she was received by the king and queen with the attention due to her rank. For her virtues and her disinterested services, she was universally beloved and respected."

Extracts from Thatcher's Indian Biography.

"She [Pocahontas] had been told that Smith, whom she had not seen for many years, was dead; but why this information was given her does not appear." * * * * * *

"Smith was announced, and soon after made his appearance. She saluted him—modestly, he says himself, and coolly, according to some other writers—and then turning away from him, she covered her face and seemed to be too much discomposed for conversation. Undoubtedly she was deeply affected with a multitude of conflicting emotions; not the least was a just indignation on account of the imposition which the English had practised upon her. For two or three hours she was left to her own meditations. At the end of that time, after much entreaty, she was prevailed upon to converse; and this point once gained, the

politeness and kindness of her visitant, and her own sweetness of disposition, soon renewed her usual vivacity.

"In the course of her remarks she called Smith her father. That appellation, as bestowed by a king's daughter, was too much for the captain's modesty, and he informed her to that effect. But she could not understand his reasoning upon the subject. 'Ah,' she said, after recounting some of the ancient courtesies which had passed between them, 'you did promise Powhatan that what was yours should be his, and he the like to you. You called him father, being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason must I do you.' Smith still expressed himself unworthy of that distinction, and she went on: 'Were you not afraid to come into my father's country and cause fear in him and all his people, but me? and *fear* you, I shall here call you father. I tell you, then, I will, and you must call me child, and I will be forever and ever your countrywoman.'"

Extract from Mrs. Emma Willard's History of the United States.

"An event which the early historians of Virginia relate with peculiar satisfaction prepared the way for this union. Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the great chief Powhattan, to whose intercession Captain Smith was indebted for his life, frequently visited their settlements, and was received with respectful hospitality. During this intercourse her admirable qualities made such an impression on Mr. Rolfe, a young man of rank in the colony, that he warmly solicited her to accept his hand. Pocahontas gave her consent. Dale (Sir Thomas) encouraged the alliance, and Powhattan did not disappoint it. The marriage was celebrated with extraordinary pomp, and from that period a friendly correspondence subsisted between the colony and all the tribes subject to Powhattan, or that stood in awe of his power. Rolfe and his princess set out for England, where she was received by James and his queen with the respect suited to her birth. She embraced the Christian religion, and was baptized by the name of Rebecca. She died on her return to America, leaving an only son, from whom are descended some of the most respectable families in Virginia, who boast of their descent from so excellent a woman, and from the race of the ancient rulers of their country."

Extracts from Doctor Belknap's American Biography.

"He [Powhattan] retired in the evening and formed a design to surprise Smith and his people at their supper; and had it not been for the affectionate friendship of Pocahontas, it would probably have been effected. This amiable girl, at the risk of her life, stole from the side of her father, and passing in the dark through the woods, told Smith, with tears in her eyes, of the plot, and then as privately returned." * *

"The fame of an Indian princess [Pocahontas] excited great curiosity in London; and Smith had the address to write a handsome letter to the queen, setting forth the merits of his friend, and the eminent ser-

vices she had done him and the colony of Virginia. She was introduced by the Lady De la Warre; the queen and royal family received her with much complacency, and she proved herself worthy of their notice and respect. At her first interview with Smith she called him father; and because he did not immediately return the salutation, and call her child, she was so overcome with grief that she hid her face and would not speak for some time. She was ignorant of the ridiculous affectation which reigned in the court of James, which forbad Smith assuming the title of father to the daughter of a king; and when informed of it she despised it, passionately declaring that she loved him as a father, and had treated him as such in her own country, and would be his child wherever she went. The same pedantic affectation caused her husband to be looked upon as an offender, for having, though a subject, invaded the mysterious right of royalty, by marrying above his rank. This marriage, however, proved beneficial to the colony."

Extracts from the Rev. Jared Spark's American Biography.—Life of Captain John Smith.

"Pocahontas, the king's daughter—at that time a child of twelve or thirteen years of age—finding that her piteous entreaties to save the life of Smith were unavailing, rushed forward, clasped his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it, determined either to save his life or to share his fate. Her generous and heroic conduct touched her father's iron heart, and the life of the captain was spared, to be employed in making hatchets for himself and beads for his daughter.

"The account of this beautiful and most touching scene, familiar as it is to every one, can hardly be read with unmoistened eyes. The incident is so dramatic and startling, that it seems to preserve the freshness of novelty amidst a thousand repetitions. We could almost as reasonably expect an angel to have come down from heaven and rescued the captive, as that his deliverer should have sprung from the bosom of Powhatan's family. The universal sympathies of mankind, and the best feelings of the human heart, have redeemed this scene from the obscurity which, in the progress of time, gathers over all but the most important events. It has pointed a thousand morals, and adorned a thousand tales. Innumerable bosoms have throbbed, and are yet to throb, with generous admiration for this daughter of a people whom we have been too ready to underrate."

Extracts from the History of the United States—by George Bancroft. (Mr. Bancroft, late Secretary of the Navy, and now U. S. minister at London.)

"Smith had easily won the confiding fondness of the Indian maiden, and now the impulse of mercy awakened within her breast; she clung firmly to his neck, as his head was bowed to receive the strokes of the tomahawk. Did the childlike superstition of her kind reverence her interference as a token from a superior power? Her fearlessness and

her entreaties persuaded the council to spare the agreeable stranger, who might make hatchets for her father, and rattles and strings of beads for herself, the favorite child. The barbarians, whose decision had long been held in suspense by the mysterious awe which Smith had inspired, now resolved to receive him as a friend, and to make him a partner of their councils. They tempted him to join their bands, and lend assistance in an attack upon Jamestown; and when his decision of character succeeded in changing the current of their thoughts, they dismissed him with mutual promises of friendship and benevolence. Thus the captivity of Smith did itself become a benefit to the colony; for he had not only observed with care the country between the James and the Potomac, and had gained some knowledge of the language and manners of the natives, but he now established a peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes of Powhatan; and with her companions, the child who had rescued him from death, afterwards came every few days to the fort with baskets of corn for the garrison.

"Returning to Jamestown, Smith found the colony reduced to forty men, and of these the strongest were again preparing to escape with the pinnace. The third attempt at desertion he repressed at the hazard of his life. Thus passed the few first months of colonial existence in discord and misery; despair relieved, and ruin prevented, by the fortitude of one man, and the benevolence of an Indian girl."

* * * * *

"A foraging party of the colonists, headed by Argall, had stolen away the daughter of Powhatan, and now demanded of her father a ransom. The indignant chief prepared rather for hostilities. But John Rolfe, a young Englishman, winning the favor of Pocahontas, desired her in marriage; and with the favor of Sir Thomas Dale, and to the express delight of the savage chieftain, the nuptials were solemnized according to the rites of the English church. Every historian of Virginia commemorates them with approbation; distinguished men trace their descent from this union; the Indian wife, instructed in the English language, and bearing an English name, sailed with her husband for England. The daughter of the wilderness possessed the mild elements of female loveliness, half concealed, as if in the bud, and rendered the more beautiful by the childlike simplicity with which her education in the savannahs of the New World had invested her. How could she fail to be caressed at court and admired in the city? As a wife, and as a young mother, her conduct was exemplary. She had been able to contrast the magnificence of European life with the freedom of the western forests; and now as she was preparing to return to America, at the age of twenty-two, she fell a victim to the English climate; saved, as if by the hand of mercy, from beholding the extermination of the tribes from which she sprung, leaving a spotless name, and dwelling in memory under the form of perpetual youth."

Extracts from Oldmixon's British Empire in America.

"We cannot omit relating the wonderful humanity of *Pocahonta*, who, when Mr. Smith's head was on the block, and she could not prevail with her father to give him his life, put her own head upon his, and ventured the receiving of the blow to save him, though she was then scarce thirteen years old; a remarkable instance, how vain we are to ourselves in thinking that all who do not resemble us in our customs are barbarians. We shall have occasion in this chapter to say something more of this generous lady," &c.

* * * * *

"Powhatan approved of the marriage, [of Pocahontas,] and took it for a sincere token of friendship, and was so pleased with it that he concluded a league with the English in the year 1613. Intermarriage was proposed, at the same time, as a sure means of continuing the peace with the Indians. And how far it would have answered that end the reader may judge; but the English were not fond of taking the Indian women to their beds as their wives. Whether it was on account of their being pagans or barbarians we cannot decide; or whether the nicety was not very unseasonable in the infancy of the settlement."

* * * * *

She (Pocahontas) was carried to court by the Lady *Delaware*, and entertained by ladies of the first quality, towards whom she behaved herself with so much grace and majesty, that she confirmed the bright character Captain Smith had given of her. The whole court were charmed with the decency and grandeur of her deportment, so much that the poor gentleman her husband was threatened to be called to an account for marrying a princess royal without the king's consent. Though in that King James shewed a very notable piece of kingcraft, for there was no likelihood that Mr. Rolfe, by marrying Pocahontas, could any way endanger the peace of his dominions."

Extract from Doctor Robertson's History of America.

"Pocahontas, the favorite daughter of the great chief Powhatan, to whose intercession Captain Smith was indebted for his life, persevered in her partial attachment to the English; and as she frequently visited their settlements, where she was always received with respectful hospitality, her admiration of their acts and manners continued to increase. During this intercourse her beauty, which is represented as far superior to that of her countrywomen, made such an impression on the heart of Mr. Rolfe, a young man of rank in the colony, that he warmly solicited her to accept him as a husband. Where manners are simple, courtship is not tedious; neither artifice prevents, nor ceremony forbids, the heart from declaring its sentiments. Pocahontas readily gave her consent, Dale encouraged the alliance, and Powhatan did not disapprove it," &c.

Extract from Graham's History of the United States of North America.

"'The colony of Virginia had once been saved in the person of its own deliverer, Captain Smith, by Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian king Powhatan."

* * * * *

"Here he (Argal) learned that Pocahontas was living in retirement at no great distance from him, and hoping by possession of her person to obtain such an ascendant over Powhatan, as would insure an ample contribution of provisions, he prevailed on her, by some artifice, to come on board his vessel, and then set sail with her to Jamestown, where she was detained in a state of honorable captivity. But Powhatan, more indignant at such treachery than overcome by his misfortune, rejected with scorn the demand of a ransom; he even refused to hold any communication with the robbers who still kept his daughter a prisoner; declaring, nevertheless, that if she were restored to him he would forget the injury; and, feeling himself at liberty to regard the authors of it as friends, would gratify all their wishes."

* * * * *

"During her residence in the colony, Pocahontas, who has been described as a woman possessed of uncommon beauty, gained the affections of a young man named Rolfe, a person of rank and estimation among the planters, who forthwith offered her his hand, and with her approbation, and the warm encouragement of the governor, solicited the consent of Powhatan to their marriage. This the old prince readily bestowed, and sent some of his relations to attend the ceremonial, which was performed with extraordinary pomp, and laid the foundation of a sincere and firm friendship between his tribe and the English."

Extract from Wynne's General History of the British Empire in America.—London, 1770.

In one of these engagements, he (Capt. Smith) was taken prisoner by the natives, and being condemned to die, was preserved by the generosity of an Indian woman, (Pocahontas,) who not only obtained of the chief, her father, the grant of his life and liberty, but also held a correspondence with him; in the course of which, she informed him of all her countrymen's plots against the English, so that he was ever prepared for and ready to defeat them. This circumstance may appear romantic, but it is well enough attested.

Extract from "United States of America," by Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E.—Edinburgh, 1844.

In this last extremity, when every hope seemed past, a very unexpected interposition took place. Pocahontas, the youthful and favorite daughter of this savage chief, was seized with those tender emotions which formed the ornament of her sex. Advancing to her father, she in the most earnest terms supplicated mercy for the stranger; and though

all her entreaties were lost on that savage heart, her zeal only redoubled. She ran to Smith, took his head in her arms, laid her own upon it, and declared that the first death blow must fall upon her. The barbarian's heart was at length softened, and the life of the Englishman was spared.

Extract from Purchas.—His Pilgrimage.—London, 1626.—*Unus deus una veritas.*

"Samuel Argall, in the yeere 1613, affirmed likewise, that hee found the state of Virginia farre better than was reported. In one voyage they had gotten 1,100 bushels of corne. They found a slow kind of cattle, as big as kine, (buffalo?) which were good meate; and a medicinable sort of earth. They took Pokohuntis (Powhatan's dearest daughter) prisoner, a matter of good consequence to them, of best to her, by this means being become a Christian, and married to Master *Rolph*, an English gentleman."

Extract from Histoire Generale de Voyages.—Vol. 14, *Paris*, 1757.

En 1612, on vit arrivér deux vaisseaux avec de nouvelles provisions. Argall qui en commandoit un fut envoyé à Potowmeck pour y former une liaison de commerce. Il y trouva une princesse Indienne nommée Pocahontas, fille du chef de Powhatan, et l'ayant engagée à passer sur son vaisseau sous pretexte de lui rendre les honneurs dus à son rang, il l'amena prisonniere à Jamestown, dans la vue de faire servir sa delivrance à conclure une paix solide avec son pere. Mais le fier Indien fut si vivement piqué de cet outrage que malgré la tendresse du sang, on ne put lui faire accepter d'autres conditions que le mariage de sa fille avec un gentilhomme Anglais nommé Jean Rolfe. Cette marque d'estime, qu'il jugea sincere, le fit consentir à se lier par un traité."

Translation.

In 1812, two vessels arrived with a supply of provisions. Argall, who commanded one of them, was sent to the Potomac for the purpose of trading. There he found an Indian princess named Pocahontas, daughter of the chief of Powhatan, and having prevailed upon her to go on board of his vessel, under the pretext of paying her the honors due to her rank, he carried her prisoner to Jamestown, hoping to secure, as the price of her liberty, a lasting peace with her father. But the proud Indian was so deeply offended at this outrage, that notwithstanding the force of blood, he could not be prevailed upon to accept any other conditions than the marriage of his daughter with an English gentleman named John Rolfe. This mark of esteem, which he supposed to be sincere, induced him to consent to bind himself by a treaty.

Extract from Histoire de la Virginie, traduite de l'Anglois.—Amsterdam, 1707.

Le Capitaine Jean Smith, qui etoit alors en Angleterre, n'eut pas plutot apris l'arrivée de Pocahontas à Portsmouth, qu'il n'oublia rién pour lui marquer sa reconnoissance. Il avoit été condamné par le pere

de cette princesse à avoir la tête cassée, et lórs qu'il l'avoit sur le bloc elle mit la sienne tout auprès, de sorte qu'on n'osa frapper le coup. Il devoit s'embarquer incessamment pour la Nouvelle Angleterre, et dans la crainte qu'il ne manqua l'occasion de lui temoigner sa gratitude avant qu'elle se rendit à Londres, il presenta un placet à la Reine en sa faveur. La Reine fit de grands honneurs à Pocahontas sur ce que le Capitaine Smith lui avoit representé."

Translation.

Captain John Smith, who was then in England, as soon as he heard that Pocahontas had arrived at Plymouth, left nothing undone to shew his gratitude. He had been condemned by the father of this princess to have his brains beat out, and when his head was on the block, she placed hers near it so that the blow could not be struck. He was about to sail for New England, and fearing that he might lose the occasion of testifying his gratitude towards her before she would reach London, he presented a petition to the Queen in her favor. The Queen, in consequence of Captain Smith's representations, paid great honors to Pocahontas.

Extract from Warden's L'Art de verifier les Dates.—Vol. 9.

Pocahontas étant debarquée à Plymouth le 12 Juin, fut traitée comme fille de prince, sous le titre de *Lady* Rebecca, et presentée à la cour de la reine Anne par Lady Delawarre. Elle y fut tres bien accueillie par suite d'une lettre ou requête du Capitaine Smith, dans laquelle il exprimait toute la reconnaissance qu'il portait à cette princesse pour avoir risqué sa vie afin de le sauver. "Ni les tenèbres de la nuit, dit il, ni l'epaisseur des bois, ne l'empêcherènt de me venir trouver et de me conseiller les larmes aux yeux de ne point me livrer à la fureur de son pere, qu'il aurait tuée s'il avait eu le moindre soupçon de sa demarche."

"Durant l'espece de deux ou trois annèes, ce fut elle qui après Dieu garantit cêtte colonie de la famine et d'une entiere desolation."

Translation.

Pocahontas having landed at Plymouth the 12th of June, was treated as a prince's daughter, under the title of the Lady Rebecca, and was presented to the court by Lady Delawarre. She was well received, in consequence of a letter or petition from Captain Smith, in which he expressed the gratitude he owed this princess for having risked her life to save his. Neither the darkness of the night, said he, nor the dense forest, prevented her from seeking me, and from counselling me, with tears in her eyes, not to expose myself to the fury of her father, who would have put her to death had he suspected her. For the space of two or three years, it was she who, under God, preserved the colony from famine and from utter ruin.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 00368 8952

A 744,182